

however, be a matter of no little difficulty, since upon the kind of men chosen would depend, in a large measure, the conclusions that would be reached. By this we mean that the verdict of a commission or jury composed of men of delicate sensibilities and humanitarian tendencies would be sure to differ widely from that of the same number of men chosen from the hard, unsentimental classes—especially if those appointed in the latter case were those who had become calloused, to a certain extent, by familiarity with inflicting, or seeing inflicted, suffering upon animals. But there can be no doubt that the strongest argument of those who are utterly opposed to this and similar practices is that derived from the effect of familiarity with such operations in blunting the finer sensibilities of the men themselves. Nor can it be denied that this would be an injury to the higher welfare of our common humanity which should never be put in the balance against any merely material gain. While we say this we are far from meaning to imply that the poor animals themselves have no rights which their intelligent masters are bound to respect, or that the latter can, without grave moral wrong, cause needless suffering to the meanest creature which lives, to say nothing of the noble domestic animals which serve us so faithfully and contribute so largely to the comfort of civilized life. Nor do we think that it will be easy to convince the average disinterested mind that the process of dehorning can possibly be the comparatively trivial affair which even such witnesses as Professor Robertson would have us believe. For our own part, we confess ourselves unable even to conceive of the thing without a shudder, which is no doubt intensified by the fact that among the most indelible memories of our childhood is that of the accidental breaking of a cow's horn, of the effects of which we were witness. The frantic bellowing and rushing to and fro of that suffering creature are still vividly present to our mind, and will probably continue to come up on occasion while life lasts. But, individual feeling apart, let us by all means have a thorough investigation before a practice having so much the semblance of cruelty is permitted. (Since the above was written the judgment of the London court, convicting those on trial for dehorning, of cruelty, and imposing a fine, has been announced. But it is highly improbable that this will put a stop to the practice.)

ASSOCIATION of ideas brings to mind the vigorous protest of Lady Florence Dixie, in the January number of the *Westminster Review*, against "sport." The article might have been labelled the "Confessions of a Sporting English Lady." It is the pathetic and remorseful wail of a "female Nimrod," who, from being an ardent lover of the chase, has "come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation any sort or kind or form of sport, which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals." Such a relation of experience as the following is touching in the genuineness of the sorrow manifested:—

Many a keen sportsman, searching his heart, will acknowledge that at times a feeling of self-reproach has shot through him as he has stood beside the dying victim of his skill. I know that it has confronted me many and many a time. I have bent over my fallen game, the result of, alas! too good a shot. I have seen the beautiful eye of the deer and its different kind glaze and grow dim as the bright life my shot had arrested in its happy course sped onward into the unknown. I have ended with the sharp yet merciful knife the dying sufferings of poor beasts who had never harmed me, yet whom I had laid low under the veil of sport; I have seen the terror-stricken orb of the red deer, dark, full of tears, glaring at me with mute reproach as it sobbed its life away, and that same look I have seen in the eyes of the glorious-orbed guanaco of Patagonia, the timid, gentle gazelle, the graceful and beautiful koodoo, springbok, etc., of South Africa, seemingly, as it were, reproaching me for thus lightly taking the life I could never bring back. So, too, I have witnessed the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight, as death, fast coming, deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance on the human aggressor before him. And I say this. The memory of these scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a huge reproach, and I fain (*sic*) I never had done those deeds of skill—and cruelty.

"Sentiment and nonsense!" we fancy many a sport-lover amongst our readers to exclaim. Others will, perhaps, concede that this proves that the delights of the chase were never designed for soft-hearted women. And yet, when one comes to look at the thing calmly, and with a mind abstracted from the excitement, of whatever quality it may be, which gives the pursuit its zest, most will perhaps admit that there is just room for a doubt whether what we call "sport," in its various forms, and apart altogether

from any consideration of necessity or utility (which of course would make the killing no longer sport) is just the kind of amusement or recreation best suited and most honouring to the "paragon of animals"—whether the stealthy creeping on an unsuspecting and unoffending animal, or the ruthless hunting down, with horses and hounds, a host against one feeble fugitive, is really quite the thing to ennoble the lord of creation. But we do not mean just now to argue the point. We quote Lady Dixie's confession and recantation as an interesting human experience, too suggestive to be passed over in silence, and possibly worthy of more than the passing thought, or contemptuous sneer, which most readers will, we suppose, give it. It is all the more suggestive by reason of the fact that Lady Florence Dixie's repentance and remorse seem to have been in large measure the offspring of the disgust caused by the reading of the letter of a British nobleman, writing from a distant land for the delectation of educated and refined English readers, an account of his exploits in what Lady Florence calls the "wounding, maiming, and torture of wild animals under the name of Sport."

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS OR CZARS?

1. IS a Provincial Governor empowered by the B.N.A. Act 1867, or by any subsequent enactment, to dismiss from office his constitutional advisers, without their consent, against their advice, and while they retain the confidence and support of the Legislature?

2. If yea, is it competent for a Provincial Legislature to amend the law, so as to restrain the arbitrary exercise of this power of dismissal, by a Governor?

Answer to Question 1.

If I am to answer this question upon the strict letter of the B.N.A. Act 1867, without any regard to constitutional principles, or modern Parliamentary theories and attributions, it must be in the affirmative.

The sixty-fifth section of the Constitutional Act is a curious agglomeration of powers and functions to be exercised by Governors of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. All Acts of the Imperial Parliament, and of the Legislatures of the Provinces, prior to 1867, vesting powers in Provincial Governors, are continued in force, and these powers are exercisable by them, "as far as the same are capable of being exercised after the union." But they are to be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governor "with the advice, or with the advice and consent of, or in conjunction with, the respective executive councils, or any members thereof, or by the Lieutenant-Governor individually, as the case requires."

In the case of a Cabinet dismissal the Lieutenant-Governor acts upon his own judgment and responsibility. Ministers are not expected to advise their own degradation. But the Governor dismisses them at his peril. If public opinion is against him his usefulness is gone, and his Governorship must soon come to an end.

On the other hand, if public opinion supports him—after the full discussion that an action of that kind will be sure to evoke—he may claim credit for courage and statesmanship in a difficult crisis.

Answer to Question 2.

The exclusive powers of Provincial Legislatures to make and amend laws are specifically set forth in sections 92 and 93 of the B.N.A. Act. Among the enumerated powers is the amendment, "from time to time," of the Constitution of the Province, "except as regards the office of Lieutenant-Governor." I do not think the exception of "the office of Lieutenant-Governor" from the amending powers conferred upon Provincial Legislatures will prevent them from proposing, and, as far as they are concerned, enacting, laws as to the tenure by which a Provincial Cabinet shall hold office, or the circumstances and conditions which a Governor must allege, and reasonably establish, as adequate cause for its deposition.

Otherwise our Provincial Governors are *Czars*, without the restraining influence of a possible dagger; or a stray bullet.

ONLOOKER.

NATIONAL RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A word in preliminary explanation:—

Nearly two years ago a gentleman of recognized good standing and really high in his line of literary work, chiefly journalistic, in the United States, called on the writer for a contribution to what he called a "Symposium" of letters on the above subject, called for by what he styled a "Syndicate" of newspapers throughout the United States, showing, at the same time, a printed list of about sixty of them.

The list covered the length and breadth of the Great Republic, and was fairly, the writer took it, representative of its best leading thought.

Their agent, though a Canadian by birth and in education, was, and for many years had been, a working citizen of the United States—chiefly in New York. The gentleman had formerly addressed himself to the writer in connection with the making up of "Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography," in which work he (the agent) was on the collaborating staff.

Socially, he moved in the very highest circles in the literary world, not only in North America, but in Britain.

In explanation of his mission, he said that he had been employed by the Syndicate to obtain such contribution, in Canada, from persons considered most likely to give a thoroughly honest, and at the

same time intelligent, opinion on the above subject. That for Canada, there were only three on his list, viz., Mr. Blank, the celebrated writer of historical and other works in Quebec; the Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald (then Premier of Canada), and the writer—who, for the nonce, claims the privilege of impersonality.

Why Sir John?—the writer asked; and why "me," a nobody, of no account in such matters?

His answer was: "As to you, that is our affair. As to Sir John—Premier though he be—and of avowed political partisanship in his field of work, we will value his word in such matter, if he will give it for such use. I have not asked him yet, but shall. As to Mr. Blank, of Quebec, I have yet to see him about it. If you will give me your views we shall feel much obliged to you. The only restriction is, that the letter—addressed to me as agent for the Syndicate—should be short enough for symposium." Of course there was no "pay" in the case—offered nor asked.

"In that case"—said the writer—"I won't be in it; for, willing enough to oblige you, it will be utterly impossible to express myself briefly enough. It is an old stock subject with me—as you may know—in public writing, and to condense to your limit is impossible; however, such as I can do for you, I shall."

In time the letter, very hurriedly, was written. It was "much praised" by the President of the Syndicate, and personally approved of by him, with a recommendation for its publication in some leading newspaper in New York; for, alas! it was "too long" for the "Symposium." So the writer's friend reported to him. How, if at all, Sir John and Mr. Blank of Quebec appeared in the magic circle, or spoke in the oracle, the writer knoweth not. In one thing, however, they were in common with the writer, viz.:—

The sunset of life—giving mystical lore;
When coming events cast their shadows before.

Or, as the old English poet, Waller, pathetically has it:—

The soul's old cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new light which Time alone has made.

The exceptional effort of the Syndicate was significant in this. It showed that there is, throughout the United States, a wide and, in its intelligence and wealth, a potential desire for a proper understanding of Canadian sentiment on the subject.

The writer makes no pretension to any special influence or authority in this relation, but as an expression of individual opinion in the matter, solicited by many concerned, he now offers the yet unpublished letter to speak for itself, as of bearing on the juncture in question—juncture still holding; and, in fact, fast becoming more and more imminent and important to largest international interests.

Omitting introductory remarks, the writer wrote thus:—

THE subject is too great and varied in its aspects to admit of even alembic treatment within the limits of a letter. Like everyone, or most, in the intensely vital life of this North America of ours—United States and Canada—I feel, even in my three score and ten, the burden of many pregnant thoughts and speculations—aspirations for the excelsior of my native American land. The difficulty with me is to condense, within reasonable limits, an intelligible expression of them in the light of that greater day, whose dawn I feel rather than see, while lingering on the still hither bourne of life.

At this juncture in the relations of the United States and Canada it is well—I conceive—that a true appreciation should be had, by the peoples concerned, of their relative position and interests. That such is desired by them is abundantly evinced by the various subjects and forms of discussion which have engaged the public mind, on both sides, for years past, and more particularly of late, and is now engaging.

Taking up, for the present, the political issues of Reciprocity—Restricted and Unrestricted—Commercial Union, Protection, "N. P." (National Policy), Free Trade, Fair Trade, and other such captions of political discussion, it is to be remarked that these but show the character and drift of that broadest and—if I may be allowed the expression—most natural sentiment of human brotherhood which pervades the virgin field of America. This New World of these latter days of Man on earth is, in its geodetic, specially adapted for communal life in its widest sense, and form a unity of field unbroken, materially, by physical obstacles, admitting and inviting, in its *tabula rasa*, most facile intercommunications of its inhabitants, calling—in nature—for the widest and closest commercial union, not only *inter se*, but with older nations beyond the seas. That is a physical fact which, in its inherent dominancy, must, in degree, ever affect political policy in America.

The development of political life in both Americas, but especially in that of the more virile North, has been in that way: expansion—fast and abounding its law of progress: "No pent-up Utica contracting its powers." We see it in the United States; in Canada; and in the movement, though slower, of more Southern peoples. What the end may be is for the future—in its time—to tell. Men of the English tongue boast—and not idly, probably—that they will, ere long, cover a Greater Britain—far beyond the Atlantic strand—with their message of a better day to those now sitting in darkness. Be it so!

But this is speculation, and is to be left, for the present, to its limbo.

Dealing with the facts of the hour, we have to note, first, the divisions of American States. The Republican principle, it is to be admitted, governs as to all except Canada. Shall the exception continue? That is the question—the "To be or not to be"—of the to-day and to-morrow of Canada.

Personally, British born, bred and imbued with a supreme respect for the British constitution, I deprecate any change of flag for Canada. As a matter of principle in social life, where loyalty to Crown or commonwealth is not forfeited by grave wrong in governance, civic community and its conservation, is a paramount duty. Treason to State is what all law, human and divine, declares it to be, and worthy only a traitor's doom.

But this is not incompatible with that higher law—as it may be called—of cosmopolitan brotherhood, which, in spite of international lines of separation, inculcates "Peace on earth, good will to all men."

In this respect we of Canada owe—and, I believe, universally entertain—every friendly regard towards our